



# And Ghosts Will Haunt



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## Chapter 1 by Glenn Agape

There wasn't much that could be done after that.

Luc had to face the cold hard truth - his brother would never come back.

He scrambled away as fast as possible, bloodied hands sliding helplessly against the ground. The fire before him crackled, as cheery as any fires go. But the charring figure within it was causing Luc's throat to grip itself with horror. He was beginning to feel numb, as if the stench of the body penetrating his head wasn't enough to make him lose all of his senses. The fire was loud.

But it wasn't loud enough to drown out the screams that Linus had emitted while he struggled for an escape out of the fire.

*Linus is dead*, thought Luc, staring at the remains in the fire. Even though he was repulsed by what he saw, the numbing factor also did contain a different cause. *I killed him. I killed Linus.*

There had been no real fight, no struggle that had happened. Linus, his twin brother, had

trusted him. Just like he had trusted him since they were children. He had trusted him so much that he didn't even question when Linus had disappeared when Luc walked away. The only change was the fear that sprung in his eyes when the fire began to blaze. And even then, Linus didn't look at him with even a hint of anger. It was a look of submission that screamed

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'Save me! I know you'll save me!' When he yelled, the word 'brother' had never felt so dirty to Luc as it did right then.

The blood on Luc's hands was his own, his nails digging into his palms so hard that they broke skin. He hadn't wanted to seem weak by covering his ears as Linus begged to be saved, and instead stood as still as he could, keeping his blank eyes on the brother dying before him. He fell to his knees once the voice choked off into silence.

It...It wasn't his fault, he wanted to argue. He *had* to do it. Linus was in the way; he was in the way of something *big*.

Plus, he was too softhearted to live in a world like this. Better he left now before he was forced to deal with any more horrors that could be thrown his way...right?

*I saved him*, Luc thought aggressively, trying to convince himself. *I saved him*.

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